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Biography.

PULASKI.

It was at the battle of Brandywine that Count Pulaski appeared in all his glory.

As he rode charging there, into the thickest of the battle, he was a warrior to look upon but once and never forget.

Mounted on a large black horse, whose strength and beauty of shape made you forget the plainness of his caparison, Pulaski, with a form six feet in height, massive chest, and limbs of iron, was seen from afar relieved by the black cloud of battle.

His face, grim with the scars of Poland, was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy. Bronzed in hue, lighted by large black eyes, with the lip darkened by a thick moustache, his throat and chin were covered with a heavy beard, while his hair fell in raven masses from beneath his trooper's cap, shielded with a ridge of glittering steel. His hair and beard were of the same hue.

The sword that hung by his side, fashioned of tempered steel, with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior alone could lift.

It was in this array that he rode to battle, followed by a band of three hundred men, whose faces, burnt with the scorching of a tropical sun—or hardened by northern snows, bore the scars of many a battle. They were mostly Europeans—some Germans, some Polanders, some deserters from the British army. These were the men to fight. To be taken by the British would be death on the gibbet; therefore they fought their best, and fought to their last grasp, rather than mutter a word about 'quarter.'

When they charged, it was one man, their three hundred swords flashing over their heads against the cloud of battle. They came down upon the enemy in terrible silence, without a word spoken, not even a whisper.

You could hear the tramp of their steeds, you could hear the rattling of their scabbards, but that was all. As they closed with the British, you could hear a noise like the echo of a hundred hammers beating the hot iron on the anvil. You could see Pulaski himself, riding yonder in his white uniform—his black steed rearing aloft, he spoke to his men:

'Forwarts, Brudern, Forwarts!'

It was but broken German, yet they understood it, those three hundred men with sunburnt faces, wounds and gashes. With one burst they rushed upon the enemy. For a few moments they used their swords and then the ground was covered with dead, while the living enemy scattered in panic before their path.

It was on this battle day of Brandywine, that the Count was in his glory. He understood but little English, so he spake what he had to say with the edge of the sword. It was a severe lexicon, but the British soon learned to read it, and to know it.

All over the field, from yonder Quaker meeting house away to the top of Osborn's hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw Pulaski come, and learned to know his name by heart.

The white uniform, that bronzed visage, that black horse with burning eyes and quivering nostrils, they knew the warrior well, they trembled when they heard him say—

'Forwarts, Brudern, Forwarts!'

It was at the retreat of Brandywine that the Polander was most terrible. It was when the men of Sullivan—badly armed, poorly fed, shabbily clothed—gave way, step by step, before the overwhelming discipline of the British host, that Pulaski looked like a battle fiend mounted on his demon steed.

His cap had fallen from his brow. His broad head shone in an occasional cannon or rifle.

His white uniform was rent and stained; in fact, from head to foot, he was covered with dust and blood.

Still his right arm was free; still it rose there, executing a British hireling when it fell; still his voice was heard, hoarse and husky, but strong in every turn—'Forwarts, Brudern!'

He beheld the division of Sullivan retreating from the field; he saw the British yonder stripping their coats from their backs, in the madness of pursuit. He looked at the South for Washington, who with the reserve under Greene, was hurrying to the rescue, but the American chief was not in view.

Then Pulaski was convulsed with rage.

He rode madly upon the bayonets of the pursuing British; his sword gathering victim after victim, even there, in front of their whole army; he flung his steed across the path of the retreating Americans, he besought them in broken English to turn, and make one more effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost!

They did not understand his words, but the tone in which he spoke thrilled their blood.

That picture too, standing out from the clouds of battle—a warrior convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning over the neck of his steed, while his eyes seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of his bronzed face, writhing like serpents—that picture, I say, filled many a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm to the fight again.

These retreating men turned—they faced the enemy again—like the wolf at bay before the blood-hounds—they sprang upon the necks of the foe, and bore them down by one desperate charge.

The people know but little of the character of Washington, who term the American Fabius—that is, a General compounded of prudence and caution, with but a spark of enterprise. American Fabius! When will you show me the Roman Fabius that had a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that hungered for the charge, and enterprise that rushed from wilds like Skippock, upon an army like that of the British at Germantown, or startled from ice and snow, like that which lay across the Delaware, upon hordes like those of the Hessians at Trenton—then I will lower Washington down into Fabius. This comparison of our heroes with the barbarian demigods of Rome, only illustrates the poverty of the mind that makes it.

Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend, with Washington, the deliverer of his people! Cicero, the opponent of Cataline, with Henry the champion of a continent! What beggary of thought! Let us learn to be a little independent, to know our great men as they were, not by comparisons with the barbarian heroes of old Rome.

Let us learn that Washington was no negative thing, but all chivalry and genius.

It was in the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He came rushing on to battle. He beheld his men hewn down by the British. He heard them shriek his name, and regardless of his personal safety, he rushed to join them.

It was at this moment that Washington came rushing on once more into battle.

Yes, it was in the dead havoc of retreat that Washington, rushing forward in the very melee, was entangled in the enemy's troops on the top of a high hill, southwest of the meeting house, while Pulaski sweeping with his grim smile, to have one more bout with the red coats.

Washington was in terrible danger—his troops were rushing to the south—the British troopers sweeping up the hill and around him; while Pulaski, on a hill some hundred yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hordes of Hanover.

It was a glorious prize, this Misther Washington in the hearts of the British Army.

Suddenly the Polander turned—his eye caught the sight of the iron gray and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his wiskered lip was wreathed with a grim smile—he waved his sword—he pointed to the iron gray and his rider.

There was but one movement.

With one impulse that iron band wheeled their war horses, and then a dark body solid and compact, was speeding over the valley, like a thunder-bolt sped from the heavens—three hundred swords arose glittering in a faint glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avalanche, with his form raised to his full height, a dark frown on his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode Pulaski, like a spirit roused into life, by the thunder-bolt he rode—his eyes were fixed on the iron gray and his rider—his band had but one look, one will, one shout, WASHINGTON!

The British troops had encircled the American leader—already the head of that traitor, Washington, seemed to yawn upon the gates of London.

But what trembling of earth in the valley yonder. What means it? What terrible beating of hoofs, what does it portend?

That ominous silence—and now that shout; not of words or of name, but that half yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the iron men as they scent their prey! What means it all!

Pulaski is on our track! the terror of the British army is in our wake!

And on he came, he and his gallant band. A moment and he had swept over the Britishers—crushed, mangled, dead and dying, they strewed the green sod—he had passed over the hill, he had passed the form of Washington!

Another moment, and that iron band had wheeled—back to the same career of death they came. Routed, defeated, crushed, the red-coats flee from the hill, while the iron band swept round the form of George Washington—they encircle him with their forms of oak; their swords of steel; the shout of his name shrieks through the air, and away to the American host they bear him in all a soldier's joy.

* * * * *

It was at Savannah that night came down upon Pulaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night riding towards yonder rampart, his black steed rearing aloft, while two hundred of his own men follow at his back.

Right on, neither looking to the right or left he rides, his eye fixed upon the cannon of the British; his sword gleaming over his head!

For the first time they heard that war cry, 'Forwarts, Brudern, Forwarts!'

Then they saw the black horse plunging forward, his fore feet resting on the cannon of the enemy; while his rider rode in all the pride of his form, his face bathed in a flush of red light.

The flash once gone, they saw Pulaski no more. But they found him; yes, beneath the enemy's cannon, crushed by the same gun that killed his steed. Yes, they found him, the horse and rider, together in death, that noble face glaring in the midnight sky, with glassy eye. So in his glory he died. He died while America and Poland were yet in chains. He died in the stout hope that both one day would be free. With regard to America, his hopes have been fulfilled; but Poland—

Tell me, shall not the day come when yonder monument, erected by those warm Southern hearts, near Savannah, will yield up its dead?

For Poland will yet be free at last, as sure as God is just; as sure as He governs the universe. Then, when re-created Poland rears her eagle aloft again among the banners of the nations, will her children come to Savannah to gather up the ashes of their hero, and bear him home with the chant of priests, with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of millions, even as repentant France bore home her own Napoleon.

The Story Teller.

From the Portland Eclectic.

MRS. GRANT IN A DILEMMA,

Or Selfishness at the Bottom.

'What are you in such a flurry for, my little Molly?' said Mr. Grant to his wife, who was dispatching her toilet in the greatest possible hurry; 'Why, your face is as red as a beet.'

'Mrs. Right is in the parlor waiting for me. I don't see what sent her here at this early hour. Do run down and entertain her a few minutes. I hope she won't stay long.—Tell her I'm engaged now, but will be in soon. Perhaps she will take the hint and go.'

'Oh! I forgot to tell you that she was in the store last week, and I invited her to visit you to-day. Now do forgive me for not telling you before, for I never thought of it from that moment, till I saw her husband in town this morning; and I caught my hat and ran home to tell you the truth, and make a most humble confession. If you will only pardon me this once, I will never do so again as long as I live.'

'Oh! I know you too well, Harry Grant, to believe that story. There—it is so provoking to have you do so; why, it's only last summer that you invited her here in the very same way,—and if you were not the best man that ever lived, I would give you a good scolding, and not let you see her face to-day. What have you ordered for dinner? We have nothing in the house that you would think nice enough to set before this old friend of yours.'

"I hadn't a minute to think of dinner; but any thing you say shall be sent. Will you have fish, flesh, or fowl? Say the word and I will despatch John immediately.'

'Whatever you please, or any thing that can be cooked in a short time; for Bridget is preparing for company this evening, and if she expends her strength on the dinner, she will be so cross this afternoon that I can't do any thing with her. You know we invited Mrs. Bland and Dora Florinda Hart here to take tea with us, and now what shall we do with Mrs. Right, if she should stop till evening?'

'Why, what do you want to do with her? I don't see as she will take up any more room than any body else, and if you have no time to entertain her, I am sure I can, for we have a pretty good understanding, I believe, or had when we lived neighbors.'

'You know, Harry, what I mean, she is so countryfied and odd in her ways, that Dora would be making fun of her all the time, and I should feel in my heart just like helping her, for I suppose she has on that same old black alpacca dress that she has worn here the ninety-ninth time, with a collar fudged on just so, and a cap that would better suit my grandmother than her little head.'

'Come, Mary, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to talk so about the best woman who claims your acquaintance; and I should think you would remember how kindly she entertained us a whole week last August, and then took care of the children when we went to the mountains. I thought you would like an opportunity to return some of her favors.'

'Well, I think the obligation all seemed to be on her side, for she did so much for us, and was so happy to have us there, that I really think she felt quite honored with our company. I knew we had a delightful time, and I never felt better in my life. The children were so happy they didn't want to leave; and every day now, they play 'go and see Willie Right's chickens,' and are teasing to know when they can really go again, and have such good plays. I wish we could send them out there to board next summer; they would take them cheap for the sake of having *our* children, and she is so mother-like I should have no anxiety about them. It would leave me so much at liberty to enjoy myself—wouldn't it be a nice plan? They would be a good deal better off there, than at home, through the sickly season. Now I will speak to her about it to-day.'

'I shouldn't think you would want them with such an old-fashioned thing as you think she is. I'm afraid you couldn't present them to your city friends after they had been romping a whole summer in the country. But are you not almost ready to go down? I am afraid Mrs. Right will think you are not treating her very well, to keep her waiting so long. I wish you would always receive your callers just as you are. This fixing up for them I do hate,—now run down and do your best for her; don't put on airs and try to be just what you are not.'

'I know how to entertain your lady love. I will tell her that she is the dearest woman that ever lived,—that I am so glad to see her, and wonder why she didn't come before; and hope she won't think of leaving for a whole week,—at least she must spend the night. Won't that be right? Don't I know how to do it? But if she *should* stop, I'm going to ask Mrs. Weeks to invite her in there to tea; for I can't take care of her with that other company. But you run down first, for I must go to the kitchen to speak to Bridget—after I'm once in the parlor, I shan't want to leave her, you know.'

Mr. Grant goes to the parlor to meet his old friend, not a little vexed in his heart at his wife's spirit in regard to her. He does wish she would behave herself like a sensible woman. But what was his astonishment when he went into the room, to find, instead of Mrs. Right, only her card lying on the table. He called to his wife to come and take a look at the old black dress that was just passing down the street, telling her that she would probably never be troubled with it again, for he supposed she must have received the full benefit of their conversation, or she would not have left so abruptly. He was sufficiently acquainted with her to know that she had too much spirit to be an annoyance any where, and that she had taken herself out of the way without troubling them to give her any hints, or sending her to their neighbors.

'Too bad,' exclaimed Mrs. Grant, 'what shall I do? You know I didn't mean half what I said; but I suppose she will take it all in earnest. I should be willing to make something of her for the sake of having such a nice place to run to when the hot weather comes on. Then I really don't want to hurt her feelings, after receiving so much kindness from her—it would seem so heathenish and cruel, to everybody; and I suppose she will be so angry, that she won't spare me wherever she goes. But there; I won't care for her, for who will think any the less of me for anything she will say?'

'I shall, Mary, and so will every one who knows what a truthful, straight-forward kind of a woman she is, in her intercourse with all her friends; and when she finds that she has taken to her heart that are not worthy of confidence, she drops them so gently that they never feel that she is an enemy, but respect her all the more for her discernment.'

'Well, really, I did'nt know what made you like her so well before. I am glad she is gone; and I don't see what you want her here for, if she has once cut your acquaintance.'

'I didn't say she had; but you needn't have any fears that she will expose you, becoming acquainted as she has with your feelings in regard to her, however unpleasant it may be to know how lightly you regard her friendship, and how selfish you have been in securing it. But I should like to retain the good will of her husband in the way of business, for he paid me thirteen hundred dollars this morning, and left an order for eight hundred dollars worth of goods, which is of some consequence these hard times; and when I am pressed for money, he is ready to lend me any amount I want. Such a friend in need is worth making an effort to keep. I should have slumped more than once, if it hadn't been for his good will; and it will be through the imprudent use of your tongue, if I lose it now. I hope it will teach you a good lesson,—one that you will profit by in future.'

What strange mortals are we! What deed is ever done, or not done, where selfishness does not lie concealed in some corner of the heart, actuating it to assume the garb of an angel of light, that it may accomplish some cherished object, while the sun lies so nicely veiled that we are cheated into the belief that what *seems* to be, *is* truthfulness and purity?

Miscellany.

Make the Best of Everything.

An important lesson to learn, and the earlier in life it is learned the better, is to *make the best of everything*. As the old adage says, 'there is no use in crying over spilt milk.'—Misfortunes that have already happened cannot be prevented, and, therefore, the wise man, instead of wasting his time in regrets, will set himself to work to recover his losses. The mistakes and follies of the past may teach us to be more cautious for the future; but they should never be allowed to paralyze our energies or surrender us to weak repinings. A millionaire of this city tells the story that, at one period, early in his career, he had got almost to the verge of bankruptcy; 'but,' says he, 'I ploughed a deep keel and kept my own counsel;' and by these means he soon recovered. Had this man given way to despair, had he set down to bewail his apparently impending ruin, he might now have been old and poor, instead of a capitalist in a leading position. He adds that his characterestic was that through life, in all circumstances, he did the best that he could, whatever that was, consuming no time in useless regrets over bad speculations.

The rule holds good, not only in mercantile affairs, but in the whole conduct of life. The man, who is born to indifferent circumstances, will never rise, if, abandoning himself to envy of those more blessed by fortune, he goes about sullenly complaining, instead of endeavoring to use to the best of his ability what few advantages he has. The patriot, deploring the decline of public and private morals, will never succeed in reforming the commonwealth, if he stickles for visionary or impracticable measures, rejecting those more moderate ones which are really attainable. The friend will soon have no intimates at all, if, making no allowance for the infirmities of human nature, he judges too harshly the conduct of his acquaintances. Many a matrimonial separation might be avoided, if husband and wife, instead of taking offence at each other at slight provocation, would dwell rather on the good traits their partner displays. There are not a few statesmen, now living in retirement, who might have still gratified their ambition by serving the public, if they had understood, amid the intrigues and disappointments of public life, how to make the best of everything.

Nations, as well as individuals, should cherish this principle. The European revolutions of 1818 would not have ended so disastrously for liberty if the people had understood how to make more of the advantages they secured at first. The ultimate triumph of the monarchs is to be attributed chiefly to their obeying the golden maxim, which their subjects had neglected, of making the best of everything.—When the Emperor of Austria was a fugitive; when Hungary, Bohemia and Italy were free, it would have required nothing but concert among the people to have established their rights on a lasting foundation. But they suffered jealousies of race to arise, allowed themselves to be attacked in detail, and even assisted the tyrants to subjugate each other. Instead of making the best of things, they made the worst, and naturally, we had almost said deservedly, lost their freedom.

We never see a man bewailing his ill fortune without something of contempt for his weakness. No individual or nation ever rose to eminence, in any department, which gave itself up to this childish behavior. Greatness can only be achieved by being superior to misfortunes, and by returning again and again to the assault with renewed energy. And this it is which is truly *making the best of everything*.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Glass Eyes and their Manufacture.

On the subject of the manufacture of glass eyes, there is but little known in this country, as most of these come from the manufactories of France and Germany. It is an operation of no little dexterity, care, labor, and ingenuity to make a feature of the 'human face divine,' and much more so that of that 'window of the soul,' the eye—to give it the proper form, size, and that indescribable character which no two pairs of eyes ever have in common—for no two pairs are exactly alike. It may be of interest to speak of the process of manufacture, by which a piece of senseless glass is made to imitate so nearly as to evade sometimes the strictest scrutiny and detection, the natural eye. There are several factories in Europe where this is the chief subject of the work—and their workmanship fairly rivals nature.

In the first place the glass is assorted, and only that of the clearest and purest kind chosen for the purpose. It is then fused with the priming or *white*, which is formed by the addition of some metallic substance, generally arsenic, to give the pearly opacity which is necessary. Sometimes slight traces of cobalt are mingled, to give the delicate blueish cast which the white portion of the healthy natural eye has. This being done—and the utmost care is requsite in order that the fusion be so conducted that no part becomes more or less opake or more or less tinged than the rest—the next point is the coloring of the iris; and this is done with the metallic colors also—laid on the priming in the proper position, with a fine pencil, by an experienced artist, who, if the eye is made to order, must have an accurate description, or still better, an opportunity of seeing the eye of the individual for whom it is to be made. For the different shades and colors, as many different mixtures of metallic oxides are necessary—the 'cerulean blue,' and 'azure,' the 'hazel,' and 'gray,' the 'jet black,' and 'chesnut brown,' with their infinite varieties of shade, are all prepared on the porcelain pallette of an eye-tinter. These once laid on, the fusion is again gone through with; and now there remains the most difficult task of all—the pupil to be laid in. For this purpose, the manufacturer uses a jet glossy black, and that it may appear more natural, it must be so laid on that it may appear transparent, so that one can look into it, or, more properly, through it. And this is accomplished by sinking the pupil at first, while it is in a state of partial fusion, by pressure, and laying in the color, over which the smallest fragment of clearest glass is laid, the heat increased, and the eye is complete—all except the necessary smoothing and finishing that follow. This process of the manufacture of a single eye employs a large number of workmen, to each of whom a special department of labor is allotted—one to sort the crystal glass, one to attend to the fusion, one to the color, etc.; and to this fact it is owing that the art has advanced to so great perfection.—*Country Gentleman*.

Renovating Apple Trees.

On my farm there is an apple tree of very large size, standing by the side of the road, but some two rods within the line of the fence, and in lands that have been cultivated regularly, either in roots, grass or grains, till within a period of twelve years, when a change in my field operations induced me to to turn it out to pasture. Some twenty years since—and about six years before I became acquainted with it—this tree rather abrubtly ceased bearing. Its age at the time was unknown.—Thinking that it might be resuscitated, I commenced the undertaking by digging around the trunk to the distance of the longest limbs, and to the depth of one foot, inverting the sward, and placing it over the roots and in immediate contact with them. On this sward I sowed quick-lime, wood ashes and gypsum—one bushel of each being used—and covered it with chaffed oat straw to the depth of two inches, when compressed; fine soil was then thrown on till the excavation was nearly filled; after which a cartload of fine compost was dumped on and evenly spread over the whole. The dead limbs were next cut out, and the top reduced to one half its former size. The cavities caused by the falling off of the old and decayed limbs, (two cases extended nearly to the centre of the trunk,) were filled with 'Forsyth's Cement;' and all the limbs which could be reached, or safely got at in any way, were scraped and washed with suds. This work was performed in the spring of 1850. The next year the tree blossomed, and produced a few apples which matured. The next season, the bearing was abundant, and since then, it has not ceased to produce a good crop. The apples are of inferior quality, and I shall now graft it, as it has produced fine wood for the operation, care having been taken to remove all limbs which tended to destroy the symmetry of the top; as well as the old wood, as fast as it could be replaced by new.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph*.

A friend relates the following:—A mile or two from town he met a boy on horseback, crying with cold. 'Why don't you get down and lead him? that's the way to keep warm.' 'No,' said the boy, 'it's a hired hoss, and I'll ride him if I freeze.'

'At length,' said an unfortunate man who had been ruined by vexatious lawsuits, 'at length I have found happiness, for I am reduced to necessity, and that is the only thing I know of which has no law.'

Questions and Answers.

Who was Baron Steube?

Answer—Frederick William, Baron of Steuben, was a native of Prussia, and formerly aid-de-camp of Frederick the Great,—the most warlike and distinguished monarch that ever sat upon the throne. The Baron was one of the greatest military tacticians in Europe.—When the Revolutionary War broke out, he cheerfully relinquished all honors and preferments at home, came to this country, joined the revolutionary army was made a Major General, and rendered the most important services to the cause of American freedom. He introduced a new and thorough system of discipline into the American army, animated their hopes, inspired them with courage, and taught them to win victories with all the ease and rapidity of the most experienced veterans. He died full of honors, at Steubenville, N. Y., in 1794.

Who was Baron DeKalb?

A.—A brave and noble German martyr to liberty. He was formerly a distinguished Brigadier General in the French army. When the war-cry of Liberty was sounded on this continent, he flew to the aid of our prostrate fathers, fought like a lion in their defence; and cheerfully laid down his magnanimous life at the battle of Camden. Congress ordered a monument to be erected to his memory. He died that we might be free.

Who was Lord Stirling?

A.—A noble-hearted Scotchman; a General in the American army who drove the British from Rhode Island, and never lost a battle.

Who was Paul Jones?

A.—A native of Scotland—a gallant 'sea king'—captain of the Ranger, and afterward of the Bon Homme Richard. He fought more battles, gained more victories on the ocean, and displayed more valor than any sea-warrior that ever existed, before or after him, with the same limited means. He was the first man who taught our growing republic the lesson, that with a small armament she might easily cover herself with naval glory, and dispute the empire of the ocean with the greatest maritime power on the face of the globe. His many daring exploits filled Europe with astonishment. He died at Paris in 1792.

Who was Richard Montgomery?

A.—A noble-hearted Irishman; a Major General of the American Army of the Revolution. He was a bold and intrepid leader in the brilliant action which resulted in the capture of Montreal, and fell gallantly fighting at the storming of Quebec in 1775. His remains were removed from that place a few years since, and deposited in one of the cemeteries of New York city, where his monument even now seems to frown indignantly upon the Know Nothings.

Who was John Witherspoon?

A.—A native of Scotland, and a most distinguished clergyman of that country. He came to America in 1768, and accepted the Presidency of Princeton College. With patriotic zeal and ardor he fully entered into the views and feelings of the American Colonies in their struggle for Independence. He was elected a Representative to Congress in 1776, and signed the Declaration of Independence. He saw his adopted country free, and spent the residue of his highly useful and patriotic life in calm tranquility in presiding over the far-famed 'Seat of the Muses.' He died at Princeton in 1794.

Who was Button Gwinnett?

A.—A patriotic Englishman, who espoused the cause of the Revolution. He came from England to South Carolina in 1770; and soon after removed to Georgia. He was a member of the famous Congress of 1776, and one of the singers of the Declaration of Independence.—We regret to say that he was killed in a duel in 1777, before the close of the Revolutionary War.

Who was Charles Lee?

A.—A native of Wales, and a Major General and Commander of the Southern detachment of General Washington's army. The services which he rendered to the case of Freedom were great and invaluable. According to the stern rules of military discipline, he was censured for disobedience of orders, in neglecting to bring up the reserve in the memorable battle of Monmouth. He was cashiered, and suspended from command. Would to God that Washington had known what a noble and chivalrous heart beat in his bosom! He would have suspended the rules of war in Lee's favor. For subsequent developments have fully proved that General Lee's mistake was not the result of cowardice, but of a misunderstanding of the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, which were conveyed in the heat and din of battle, and not distinctly heard and understood by the brave Welchman. We will love the memory of Lee still, and shall ever regard him as being numbered among the bravest of Freedom's worthies. He died of a broken heart, in 1782.—*Litchfield Republican*.

A Change of Mind.

The Boston Journal relates the following anecdote of Hon. Jeremiah Mason, the distinguished lawyer.

Mr. Mason was something of a giant in physical as well as mental proportions, and in youth must have possessed a powerful frame. In a sitting position, he did not, however, appear above ordinary stature, not only from great length of limb, but from a habit of stooping which he acquired. While in the vigor and strength of early manhood, Mr. Mason happened one very cold day to be driving along a road in the country, half buried up under warm buffalo robes, and looking rather insignificant to the casual observer;—at least, so he appeared to an impudent teamster who approached in an opposite direction, occupying so large a portion of the road with his team, that passing was a difficult matter for another vehicle. As they neared each other, Mr. M. courteously requested the teamster to turn out and give him room; but the saucy varlet, with an impudent look at the apparently small youth, peremptorily refused, and told him to turn out himself. Mr. Mason, who instantly perceived there was but one course to pursue, quietly stopped his horse, laid the reins over the dasher, and slowly began to roll down the robes, at the same time drawing up his legs and gradually rising from his seat.

The teamster silently watched these motions, but as the legs obtained a foundation, and foot after foot of Mr. Mason's mammoth proportions came into view, a look of astonishment, like a circle in the water, spread over his hitherto calm face, and with a deprecating gesture he presently exclaimed, 'That'll do, stranger—*don't rise any more*, I'll turn out.' Mr. Mason soon had the track to himself, and our bewildered teamster drove off at a brisk pace. 'Creation!' said he, as he touched up the leader with his whip; 'I wonder how high that critter would have gone if I hadn't stopped him!'

Casting a 'devil' out of Church.

We are indebted to our friend, J. M. Eells, of Marietta, Ohio, for the following graphic sketch. We are assured that the facts transpired substantially as narrated:

'A Methodist clergyman who has been laboring in this vicinity, was not long since, preaching to his hearers on the miraculous power of the apostles over the demoniac spirits of the day. As he was pursuing his theme, the audience was suddenly startled by a voice from the congregation demanding in a half querulous, half authorative, tone 'Why dont preachers do such things now-a-days? In an instant every eye was upon the individual who had the effrontery thus to invade the sacredness of their sanctuary.

The speaker paused for a moment and fixed his penetrating gaze upon the face of the questioner. There was an interval of silence, broken at last by the speaker resuming his discourse. He had not proceeded far ere he was again interrupted by the same impertinent inquiry. Again the speaker paused and again resumed his subject. Not content with silent rebuke, our redoubtable questioner again demanded 'Why dont the preachers do such things now-a-days?' and curling his lip with a sneer of self-complacency drew himself up pompously in his seat.

Our reverend friend [illegible] by the way is a young man of great [illegible] power,) calmly left his desk and [illegible] the pew where the interrogator sat, and [illegible] one hand firmly upon his coat collar, the other on the waistbands of his 'unmentionables' lifted him square out of his seat and carried him down the aisle to the entrance. Pausing a moment he turned to the audience, and, in a clear full voice, said: 'And they cast out the devil in the form of a distiller,' and suiting the action to the word, out went the knight of the mash tub *a la* leap frog fashion into the street.

'The good pastor returned to his desk and completed his discourse. After closing the services, as he was passing out, the outcast distiller, with an officer of the law, escorted our clerical friend to the office of a magistrate, to answer for an assault upon the person of said distiller. After hearing the case the magistrate dismissed the clergyman, and after roundly reprimanding the complainant, fined him for molesting the services of the sanctuary.

Since that day we believe he never for a moment doubted the power of Methodist preachers to cast out devils, at least within the limits of the Ohio conference.'—*Exchange*.

Had a Winning Way with Her.

A wayward son of the Emerald Isle, 'left the bed and board' which he and his wife Margaret had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to count himself 'in' whenever any body should 'stand treat.' Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband back again. We shall see how she succeded:—

'Now, Patrick, my honey, will ye come back?'

'No Margaret, I won't come back!'

'An' won't you come back for the love of the childhers?'

'The devil a bit will I come, at all, at all. Not for the love of the childhers, Margaret.'

'Will you come back for the love of meself?'

'Niver at all; way wid ye.'

'An Patrick won't the love of the church bring ye back?' 'No!'

Margaret thought she would try another inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said—

'Will ye come home for the drap of whiskey?'

'Ah, me darlint,' answered Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation, 'It's yerself that'll always bring me home agin, ye has such a winnin' way wid ye. I'll come home, Margaret.'

Margaret declares that Patrick was reclaimed by moral suasion!

'Perseverance,' said a lady, very earnestly, to a servant, 'is the only way to accomplish great things.' One day eight dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared.—'Sally, where are all those dumplings?' 'I managed to get through them ma'am.' 'Why how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?' 'By perseverance, ma'am,' said Sally.

'Peter, what are you doing to that boy?' said a schoolmaster. 'He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain; so I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants I should give 'em back.' 'Well, why don't you do it?' 'Cos, sir, he would *forget how many is left*.'

Is it not reasonable to suppose that when a young lady offers to hem cambric handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she means to sow in order that she may reap?